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to the general good of the nation. His proficiency as a linguist, especially in Oriental tongues, proves his claim to the character of a working student."

That the young men who translated *Pan y Toros* were serious, no one could deny. At the same time one cannot refrain from suspecting that the whole undertaking was but a task-work, assigned to them by Viscount Exmouth,—an exercise in translating Spanish into English! Their blind zeal is made very manifest in the pompous introduction,—the circulation, for instance, of their translation, "may facilitate the removal of prejudice and error." Admiral Pellew was too familiar with the world to believe that,—but, being interested in their education, he sought to quicken their zeal for Spanish, by making them feel that they were moving mountains. The wind which blew this straw was, therefore,—if it may come within the scope of a literary history of the period, as Spanish influence upon England,—simply the political interest which England took in Spain, which it will be recalled, was as important a factor in the Spanish and English literary relations during the Romantic period, as the lectures and writings of the German Romanticists on the literature of the Peninsula.

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MAURICE HEWLETT ON TUSCAN LITERATURE.

I.

Earthwork out of Tuscany: being Impressions and Translations of MAURICE HEWLETT. . . New York: The Macmillan Company, 1902. (First edition: London, J. M. Dent & Co., 1895.)

A Masque of dead Florentines: wherein some of Death's Choicest Pieces and the Great Game that he plays therewith are fruitfully set forth by MAURICE HEWLETT. . . London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1895. (Reprinted in the *Bibelot*: vol. x, nos. 1 and 2.)

Little Novels of Italy. New York: The Mac-

millan Company, 1901. (First edition: London, Macmillan & Co., 1899.)

The Road in Tuscany: a Commentary by MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

Mr. Hewlett's criticisms of Tuscan literature are well worth the careful consideration of every student of Italian literature.

In the first place, Mr. Hewlett knows Tuscan literature thoroughly, and knows it not as a black and white affair of modern books, but as the necessary flowering of the intelligence and the emotion of the centuries in which it was produced. Of the literature itself, Mr. Hewlett seems to know the entire corpus, writers minor as well as major, from the poets of the *Dolce Stil Nuovo* to Giovanni Chiabrera. Mr. Hewlett's knowledge of the histories of the cities of Tuscany is accurate and minute. He knows intimately the chroniclers and historians of all periods, from the Villani to the historiographers of the Grand Dukes. He has mastered the intricate stories of family feuds, of the rise and fall of local tyrants; he has sifted the endless legends of local saints; he has studied very carefully the manner of life of the "staple," the common people. He is well acquainted with Tuscan architecture, sculpture, and painting. Tuscany itself, the country—the mountains, the valleys, the plains, the rivers, the living people—he knows from intimate travelling.

In the second place, Mr. Hewlett is himself a creative literary artist, and peculiar interest therefore attaches to his criticism of earlier creative artists. The creator turned critic is quite certain to be prejudiced and unorthodox, but the keenness of his sympathy with those whom he finds kindred in spirit more than atones for his misjudgment of those unlike him, and his criticism is certain to be seasoned with a piquant and vivifying individuality not to be found in the unimpassioned verdicts of the layman.

The books in which Mr. Hewlett's criticisms of Tuscan literature appear are those listed above.

Earthwork out of Tuscany consists of a series of studies of the Tuscan spirit in its several manifestations: in art, in literature, in religion, in conduct. These studies vary in form: some are little more than extracts from a traveller's note-

book ; some are in the guise of short stories ; some are informal essays in criticism ; some are quite in the manner of Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*.

A *Masque of dead Florentines* might be called a literary pageant. The scene is "an open *loggia* giving upon a garden in winter, with leafless trees, and cypresses." A Chorus, composed of "Tired Ladies and Poets Forgotten," remains in the garden throughout. Across the *loggia*, singly or in groups, pass the notable persons of Florentine history, Dante first, Michelangelo last. The several persons, in epigrammatic monologues, sum up their own lives. To these summaries the Chorus responds, praising or blaming. The *Masque* is in two parts : in the first part appear persons of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; in the second part, persons of the Renaissance.

Little Novels of Italy contains five stories, the setting being one or other of the cities of Northern Italy, the time varying from the thirteenth century to the sixteenth.

The Road in Tuscany is a book of travel in Tuscany,—travel by road, including visits to remote towns as well as to major cities. The country itself calls forth much comment, and the modern life of the people ; historical and literary associations are developed extensively ; art impressions of all sorts are recorded. Digressions into pure history and into pure literary criticism are frequent.

Mr. Hewlett's criticism is by no means formal. He will have none of the manner of the professional critic. He formulates no creed, he attempts no classifications, he has no technical phraseology. Certain informal statements, however, and his fairly consistent critical treatment of particular objects, serve to exhibit clearly his general critical conception.

The art-product—painting or poem—has to Mr. Hewlett a three-fold value : value in form, value in subject, value in personal and social revelation. By value in form I mean the value that lies in immediate, obvious beauty—the power of giving sensuous delight by color or by rhythm, the power of giving intellectual satisfaction by cunning artistry. By value in subject, I mean the value that lies in the stimulation of imagination, of memories and associations, resulting from the experience, the thought, or the emotion

constituting the subject matter. By value in personal revelation, I mean the value that lies in the direct reflection, in the product, of the mind and heart of the one particular man who was the producer ; and by value in social revelation, I mean the value that lies in the indirect reflection, in the product, of the mental and emotional temper and taste of the *coterie*, large or small, with reference to whose pleasure the work was produced.

Mr. Hewlett's nearest approach to a definite statement of these values is to be found in the following passage :—

"Be he (the traveller of the true sort) in church or gallery, in villa or Campo Santo, next to the rational enjoyment which he will never fail to get out of beautiful or curious things, and all the chords of memory or feeling which they pluck at, he is most likely to use the masterpieces he sees as so many short cuts to the minds or hearts of the men who made them, and of those for whom they were made." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, p. 14.)

Mr. Hewlett's sensitiveness to value in form appears rather from his sympathy with the artistry of the poets and painters of whom he writes than from definite expository statement.

His clearest assertion of value in subject is to be found in the second chapter of *Earthwork out of Tuscany*, entitled "Little Flowers." Here he champions the story-telling of Giotto and of the writer of the *Fioretti*, and condemns that "modern art criticism, which is ashamed of thinking, snuffeth at pictures which tell you things, at literature in books or music or church ornament."

His enthusiasm for value in personal revelation appears in many passages :—

" . . . let the history, fine arts, monuments, and institutions be as fine as you please, the best product of your country will always be the people of it, who themselves produced those other pleasant spectacles ;" " . . . if the product is interesting the producer must have been, at least, equally interesting ;" " . . . if all the things we call Tuscan Art are good, then the Tuscans who made them should be better ;" "I do not hesitate to say that I find people more entertaining than pictures, and more germane to the matter of us all." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 1, 12, 8, and vol. II, p. 70.)

In the passage first quoted, Mr. Hewlett clearly rates the values in form and in subject as of more primary importance than the value in personal and social revelation. In the passages last quoted he clearly exalts the third value at the cost of the other two. These last passages, rather than the first, represent his personal feeling in the matter. His primary intellectual delight is in the manhood of particular men and the womanhood of particular women.

Since Mr. Hewlett's interest is of this type, his criticism deals rather with particular individuals and particular *coteries* than with comparative generalizations or with the tracing of literary currents through successive periods.

As a result of individual studies of the long series of individual Tuscan writers, however, Mr. Hewlett necessarily has a certain composite and generalized impression of Tuscan literature as a whole, and the general character of that impression is clearly revealed in several informal statements.

Mr. Hewlett finds the essential quality of the Tuscan nature to be "Simplicity—a limpid sincerity like that of children, who act as they feel, and speak of what they dream, and yet keep a dignity of their own, and know the reserve which Nature puts upon every wholesome creature of hers." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, p. 32.) Elsewhere Mr. Hewlett uses the word "childishness" to denote this same essential quality. This quality he finds to be the source of all that is paradoxical in Tuscan conduct—the mingling of "the fine and the base, the noble and the mean, the infinitely great and the infinitely little," the co-existence of shamelessness and modesty, of the beautiful and the squalid. This quality, too, he finds determinative in Tuscan art:—

"Imagine . . . a whimsical child with a passion for reality, who makes tangible his own weavings of impalpable embroidery, and delights in the work; then you have a Florentine artist, poet, man of letters . . . Of Machiavelli, who played with theories as with chessmen, handling life and death, and Hell and Judgment, as if they were all of a piece; of Lionardo da Vinci, painting mystery and making cages for grasshoppers; of Boccaccio, to whom love and lust, aspiration and digestion, were alike curious physical phenomena;

of Luigi Pulci, of Lorenzo and his tribe of *dilet-tanti*—I would say the same thing. Children,—absorbed, precocious, delightful, preoccupied children, every one of them—a race whose measure of preoccupation is the measure of their success." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 180–182.)

In Tuscan literature Mr. Hewlett finds salient three characteristics, each a normal outcome of the essential childishness. The first of these characteristics is refinement in artistry. The second is fancifulness. That higher faculty, imagination, Mr. Hewlett finds only in Dante and, in lesser degree, in Boccaccio. The third characteristic is meagreness of content: in poetry and prose, absence of real thought-value; and in poetry, absence of sincere emotion. From these negative charges Mr. Hewlett exempts, in poetry, the work of Dante and the entire corpus of folk-poetry, and in prose, the work of Macchiavelli.

To the matter of Tuscan refinement in artistry Mr. Hewlett devotes the fourth chapter of *Earth-work out of Tuscany*, entitled "Of Poets and Needlework." In the course of the chapter he cites, as fair statement of the Tuscan attitude in this matter, the dictum of Alberti: "Whatever may be accomplished by the wit of man with a certain choiceness, that indeed is next to the divine." Mr. Hewlett finds that Tuscan writers, like Tuscan painters, took exceeding delight and manifested exceeding skill in matters of mere artistry. They required of their work that proportion of part to part should be architecturally perfect; that composition in detail should be exactly and precisely balanced; that ornament should be profuse, beautiful in itself, and rightly set.

Elsewhere, in his criticisms of individuals and in his more general critical remarks, Mr. Hewlett frequently recurs to this matter of refinement in artistry:—

"There is a scent, an aroma, a pungency indefinable about the most frivolous Tuscan sonneteer, an orderly disposition in their everlasting histories, a fastidious choice in the conduct of their insipid novels—qualities which as a writer you must respect and as a reader admire; qualities which set rhymes and rhymesters apart. Other things may be done better, but not these things." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, p. 178.)

Of Tuscan fancifulness Mr. Hewlett says:—

"With one or two mighty exceptions . . . it is not imagination you find in Tuscany. Rather, it is a sweet and delicate, a home-grown fancy, wantoning with thought which may be unpleasant, unhealthy, grave, frivolous—what you will ; yet playing in such a way, and with such intuitive taste and breeding that no harm ensues nor any nausea ;" " . . . the Tuscans were inveterate weavers of fancy, choosing what came easiest to hand to weave withal ;" "Consider, then, all Tuscan art from this point of view, the weaving of innocent fancies round some chance-caught theme." (*Earthwork out of Tuscany*, pp. 34, 62, 35.)

Mr. Hewlett scores Tuscan literature severely for its meagreness of content :—

" . . . they (the Tuscan writers) were victims of the common Italian complaint—which decimated Tuscany, while it was epidemic all over the peninsula—which you may call artists' itch—the disease of longing to say something without having anything in particular to say ;" "Tuscan poetry, highly educated, highly sophisticated as it was, juggled with the passions and emotions . . . Tuscan poems are about anything or nothing, and mean little more than delight in the doing, playful weaving of the fancy, a happy tracing out of phrase-arabesques, a comfortable tingling of the vacant walls of the heart's chamber ;" "Can we read the Aretine heart of Petrarch, or the Pistoiese heart of Cino, as we can read the Cockney heart of Chaucer or the Lowland heart of Burns ? ;" "Petrarch was a lover, Cino a lover, Lorenzo a lover—or so they thought. Did their love-stress burn as clear in them as his in Byron . . . ?" (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 8–10, and vol. II, pp. 348, 344, 345.)

In the tenth chapter of the first volume of *The Road in Tuscany*, entitled "Concerning the Theory that the World is a Garden," Mr. Hewlett surveys the successive phases of the Italian attitude toward life, particularly as reflected in the course of Tuscan literature. He calls the Renaissance "the result of accepting the theory that the world is a garden," and devotes the chapter to the working out of the fancy. The chapter is in form a very loosely constructed fable or parable. Its *motif* is as follows :—

The original theory, that the world was a gar-

den, with God Almighty as owner and man as gardener, was lost with the closing of Eden. During the Middle Ages the theory prevailed that the world was a sort of Foundling Hospital, under a complex management of governors and governesses, with an elaborate system of rewards and punishments. St. Francis of Assisi put an end to this conception by reviving the original theory in a modified form. He held that the world was indeed a garden, a place formed for happiness, a place of extraordinary beauty and delight ; that God was indeed the owner ; but that man was not gardener, but rather one of the choicest flowers. All Italy accepted the theory, and went about developing it in various ways. It received its definitive modification from the declaration of Giovanni Boccaccio that man was owner of the garden, and God only the gardener. In this definitive form the theory prevailed throughout the Renaissance.

Of the individual Tuscan writers, Dante is the one to whom Mr. Hewlett devotes most extensive and most enthusiastic criticism. The second chapter of the first volume of *The Road in Tuscany*, entitled "Dante and the Traveller," with its two appendices, "Dante's Pictures" and "Beatrice and Other Concerns," is devoted entirely to Dante: according to the Advertisement prefixed to the volume, this chapter contains the substance and some of the phrases of a lecture.

Dante the man is, to Mr. Hewlett's thinking, thoroughly Tuscan and essentially Florentine :—

"All that is specific in . . . (Tuscany), all clean thought and tense expression, all passion, all partisanship, all the form, colour, and rhythm of a people who strove after such things (and got them), the art and the artifice, the exactness of knowledge and the thirst for more knowledge—all these things, which all the Tuscans have partaken, are within the covers of the *Divine Comedy* ;" "His parts are all pure Florentine—the high heart, the hawk's eye, the biting tongue, the intolerant mind ;" "Dante . . . is true Florentine, with the parts and features magnified, but neither concealed nor distorted by genius . . . to that account must be credited his deliberate movement, his incisiveness and his steady pride. For the Florentine has a good conceit of himself ; can be supercilious, but is not arrogant, is sharp-

tongued, incisive, scornfully witty. He loves nicknames, biting jests; the name he gives you will not be the less truthful because it stings. Dante was by no means singular in this faculty, though he had it out of all Florentine ratio; "Dante not only hated, but scorned specifically every race in Tuscany. His proud nose seemed to know them by their smell, as he certainly knew Baldo d'Aguglione and Fazio of Signa. The Casentine swine, the Aretine lapdogs, the Pisan foxes, the jobbers of Lucca, and the featherheads of Siena, he hated with nicety, the bitter, great, sad man; but he only did after his kind." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. 1, pp. 55, 56, 178, 176.)

Dante is, to Mr. Hewlett's mind, the one utterly sincere and passionate lover among Tuscan poets. Mr. Hewlett believes with absolute belief in the reality and in the life-long intensity of Dante's love for Beatrice. He finds in the *Vita Nuova*, particularly in the poems *in morte*, the deep heart-cry of truest passion. In the attitude of Dante toward Beatrice in the *Divina Commedia*, Mr. Hewlett finds no mere allegorical relation, but the unmistakable continuance of deep, pulsing, ecstatic human love:—

"When she came to him, after that wonderful overture—Matelda, the Earthy Paradise, the mystic Procession (was ever such honour paid lady before?)—when she came to him, I say, in her flame-coloured robe, girdle of olive, and green cloak, before he was worthy to look upon her eyes, what does he say but—

D'antico amor sentì la gran potenza?—

Is this a cry from the heart yearning for theology? Did anything ever move such ecstasy of homage but love? The most subtle passage in the whole of the comedy is perhaps that which lays bare his heart's whole idolatry, where he speaks of

Quella riverenza che s'indonna
Di tutto me, pur per BE e per ICE.

The mere written syllables of the adored name possess and dominate him. He loved this green-eyed girl and, because he loved, freed his immortal part, and towered higher than any of the sons of men. For if our Milton heard God speak, this man dared look him in the face, take his stand with Saint John and Saint James below the burning throne of heaven, and see his beloved assumed into the very heart of Mary. This it is to be a

lover. . . She gave him strength to soar, taught him the mystery of Beauty and Desire, 'imparadised his mind.' . . . He repaid her with such sort as no woman, save the Queen of women, has ever received of man." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. 1, pp. 65–66.)

Mr. Hewlett finds essential in Dante his intimate love for the Italian country through which he had so much to wander. Dante, he notes, like the balladmongers of the Scots border, steers by rivers and hills, not by towns:—

"I suppose for once that he directs you by the name of a town, he chooses its rivers or hills nine times—and familiarly, and as being to being, as one to whom the world at large and in detail—meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight—is either host or fellow-adventurer." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. 1, p. 46.)

Like the Scots again, Dante personifies and individualizes his rivers—using their names, like personal names, without the definite article, and never finding the same verb to do for two of them. Burns'

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,

and

Among the bonnie winding banks
Where Doon rins wimplin' clear,

are paralleled by Dante's

Sulla marina dove Po discende
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.

Mr. Hewlett notes still other traits of nature-sensitiveness, struck deeply in from much wandering:—

"Weather! How he was sensitive to that! You remember the dust-storm, the whirlwind that 'dinanzi polveroso va superbo?' He touches the wreathing fogs, the rain, the frost and snow just like that. Of the last, there is that lovely reminder of the great idle flakes which drop like feathers on a windless Alp:—

d'un cader lento
Piovean di fuoco dilatate falde
Come di neve in Alpe senza vento.

. . . Then the time! . . . There is no poet in literature who has observed so finely upon the hours of the day, and the signals of them—sun, moon, stars, tremblings, thrillings of light, calls and movements of beasts and birds. If one had his eyes one could time oneself exactly by the

creatures. There are the rooks for dawn ; and the swallows—

Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai
La rondinella presso alla mattina ;

the lizard for noon ; and for his evening piece there is the famous passage beginning, 'Lo giorno se n'andava.''' (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, p. 61.)

Mr. Hewlett recurs frequently to Dante's love of sheer artistry :—

"How happy was he . . . playing, and playing consummately, with the ornaments of his poem, planning it, tricking it, embossing it ! ;" ". . . the happy trick whereby every great stage of the journey ends in hope or vision of the stars . . . the variegated pattern embedded in the Twelfth Purgatory . . . These things tell me not only that he loved, but that he delighted in his immortal task. From the temper of his mind, as much as from his own words,¹ I should have judged that he planned every curve of the ornament before he set pen to paper, and should not be surprised at any time to learn that he worked out his similes on the same orderly plan." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 178, 64.)

To Dante, Mr. Hewlett ascribes imagination of the highest order :—

". . . imagination . . . is more than conceiving, inventing, an act or a person outside experience : it is seeing this act or person *in the doing*, and so minutely as to be able to describe him. It is intellectual second sight . . . Dante . . . is full of that." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, p. 60.)

The two processes which together constitute this imaginative power are first, very close observation of typical features in the actual world, and second, the use of things thus closely observed to figure things imagined. Mr. Hewlett multiplies examples of such observation and such figuring :—

"Come le pecorelle escon del chiuso
A una, a due, a tre, e l'altre stanno,
Timidette atterrando l'occhio e'l muso ;"

"Thus he saw Sapia of Siena, standing as

Se volesse alcun dir, Come ?
Lo mento a guisa d'orbo in su levava.

That pitiful, anxious gesture of the blind—who does not know it ? ;" "Bertrand de Born with his carried head, 'pesol con mano a guisa di lan-

terna.''' (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 57, 58, 60.)

Mr. Hewlett finds one essential factor in Dante's power to be his insistence upon internal rather than external nature, his penetration to the inmost, essential humanity :—

". . . he strikes quick into the heart of life, and his effects are so overmastering precisely because they depend so lightly upon the æsthetic and so deeply upon the ethic base. Moving as are the sights and sounds about him, poignant as the play he makes with them—the wailing story of Francesca, the knotting of snakes about the thieves, the pity of La Pia, or terror of Ugolino at pasture upon his enemy ; greatest of all, the reddening of the East and veiling of the sun when the cry goes up on the Purgatorial slopes, *Veni, sponsa de Libano*, and

Sopra candido vel, cinta d'oliva,
Donna m'apparve, sotto verde manto,
Vestita di color di fiamma viva ;

it is neither the wringing of hands nor the shuddering of breath, nor the sight of red teeth or lascivious worms, nor the loveliness of woman, nor the piety of her love, which makes these images exquisite art and sublime poetry. No ; it is the inner vision of the heart of them all, the well of tears, the seeding-pit of shame and sin, the leaping core of the fire of love ; it is that second-sight of his which lifts him above us." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 48–49.)

Mr. Hewlett seeks to render evident the marvellousness of Dante's creative power by contrasting the limitation of Dante's actual material with the unlimited universality of the truths he derived from it :—

"He travelled, but not far ; he read, but not . . . widely . . . The souls he sees sousing in Hell, the painful initiates on the Mount of Purgation, the white-stoled Convent of Heaven, are gathered from a square of thrice ten-score miles, and represent the memories of a hundred years, or the thumb-marks of a few classics. And yet his grip is so sure, and his scope so wide, you think that you see the whole world under his span." (*Road in Tuscany*, vol. I, pp. 63–64.)

(*To be concluded.*)

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¹ Mr. Hewlett here refers by a footnote to Purg. xxxiii, 139–141.